

Rt 1642-9

THE CELEBRATED BARCAROLE

FROM THE
Opera-Fantastique

"TALES OF HOFFMANN"

"Les Contes d'Hoffman"

BY

OFFENBACH

INSTRUMENTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

FOR PIANO SOLO.....	by D. Magnus.....	60
PIANO SOLO.....	Paul Perrier.....	60
PIANO SOLO.....	Fritz Spindler.....	60
PIANO SOLO.....	Healey Willan.....	60
PIANO SOLO (Easy).....	Ernest Newton.....	60
PIANO DUET.....	Henri Geoffroy.....	75
VIOLIN & PIANO.....	Paul Perrier.....	60
VIOLIN & PIANO.....	Luigi von Kunits.....	60
VIOLIN & PIANO.....	Donald Heins.....	60
CELLO & PIANO.....	Max Woltag.....	75
PEDAL ORGAN.....	Ernest Newton.....	75

SONG ..French & English Words...LOW in C.....	60
.....MEDIUM in D.....	60
.....HIGH in F.....	60

VOCAL DUET.....in D for SOPRANO & CONTRALTO or MEZZO	60
.....in F for TENOR & BARITONE	60

COMPLETE OPERA VOCAL SCORE.....	300
.....PIANO.....	200
BARCAROLLE WALTZ.....Oscar Fefras.....	75

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DUNDAS STREET,
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London: J. B. CRAMER & CO. LTD.

Low in B flat

Medium in C

High in D

GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by
M.C. SCHUYLER.Music by
A. BUZZI PECOLA.

p con dolenza

Ev'ry flow'r feels the pow'r
O-gni fior al te-por

p *dim.* *p*

Of the budding A-pril time,
del fio-ren-te A-pril

p *cresc.*

Ev'ry heart doth bear its part In
O-gni cor al tuo a-mor

rit. *al tempo* *p*

prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di-vine.
Spiegaun can ti-co gen-til

rit. *a tempo* *pp*

So the breeze on the seas
L'ali-tar sovra i mar

Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky
in es-re-no di

g

Shows thy face re-flec-ted
La tua gran-de spec-chia

p *sf*

Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time.
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine.
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky.
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art,
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name. Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night;
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!
Glory thou who art Lord of all;
God of love, God of love, God of might. God for ever.

PRICE 2/- NET.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS COMPANY, 40, Berners Street, LONDON, W. 1.

NIGHT OF STARS AND NIGHT OF LOVE.

(BELLE NUIT)

BARCAROLE.

Music by

OFFENBACH.

Andante cantabile.

dolce

VOICE.

PIANO.

Night of stars, and
Bel - le nuit, ô

Red.

*

Red.

*

Red.

*

night of love, Fall gently o'er the wa - - ters,
nuit - da - mour, Sou - ris - à nos i - vres - ses,

Red.

*

Red.

*

Heav'n a - round, be - low, a - bove, No more - we'll heed the
Nuit plus dou - ce que - le jour, O bel - le nuit d'a -

Red.

*

shore! Float - ing thus in sil - ver light, Sing
- mour! Le temps fuit et sans re - tour, En -

on! Oh earth's fair daugh - ters, Love had ne'er an
- por - te nos ten - dres - ses, Loin de cet heu -

hour so bright In fa - bled days of yore The
- reux sé - jour, Le temps fuit sans re - tour Zè -

ca - denc'd oar will rhyme To the meas - ure we
- phirs em - bra - sés Ver - ses - nous vos ca -

sing — Till ev — en charm — ed time
 — res — ses, Zé — phirs, em — bra — sés

Red. * *Red.* *

— Folds a mo — ment his wing. Wan — der on! Till the
 Don — nez — nous vos bai — sers, Ver — ses — nous vos bai —

Red. * *Red.* *

dawn! Wan — der on! Till the dawn! Ah!
 — sers, Don — nez — nous vos bai — sers! Ah!

Red. * *Red.* * *rall.*

— — — — —
 Night of stars, and night of love, Fall
 Bel — le nuit! ô nuit — d'a — mour, Sou —

a tempo

pp a tempo

Red. * *Red.* *

gent - ly o'er the wa - ters, Heav'n a - round, be -
 - ris - u nos i - vres - ses, Nuit plus dou - ce

low, a bove, No more we'll heed the shore.
que le jour, O bel le nuit d'a mour.

Night of stars and of love Ah! Gent - ly fall o'er the
 O bel - le nuit d'a - mour! Ah! Sou - ris à nos i -

cresc.
p
cresc.
ped. * * *

wa - vres - ters! Heav'n a - round, be -
 - ses, Nuit d'a - mour! ô -

dim. *f*

-low, a - bove! Ah! ah!
 nuit d'a - mour! Ah! ah!

ah! ah! ah! ah!

ah! ah! ah! ah!

pp
 pp
 ppp dim.

God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante.

PIANO. *p*

Lento

Allegretto.

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, Hold blos-soms that have new-er
come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind comes cold-ly by,
The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.

roll.

roll.

The musical score is written for piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante' and a dynamic of 'p' (piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system shows the piano introduction. The second system is marked 'Lento' and continues the piano introduction. The third system is marked 'Allegretto' and contains the first line of the vocal melody with lyrics: 'How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, Hold blos-soms that have new-er'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with lyrics: 'come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind comes cold-ly by,'. The fifth system continues the vocal melody with lyrics: 'The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.' and includes a 'roll.' marking. The sixth system continues the piano accompaniment with a 'roll.' marking.

How many gardens in this world of ours
Hold blossoms that have never come to flowers?
A sudden wind comes coldly by—
The rose tree bids its fairest bud good-bye.

How many ships of ours go out to sea
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,
And there is naught to do except forget.

How many wear a smile upon their face
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,
But God remembers when the world forgets.

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